

Fort Hamilton

June 18. 1863

My dear Augusta:

Your letter came to hand yesterday accompanied by the Journal, I wish I could send you back as pleasant a letter, but I can't write this morning, and would not, did I not think you would be disappointed if my letter failed to come on Saturday or Sunday. I always think a poor letter is better than none at all.

There is nothing new around here to write, except that we were visited on Tuesday by Gen Wool; we fired a salute, & had a review and inspection. Mr Harry marched around with me a good part of the time but saw nothing. I invited him & Wool to my quarters to get a drink, but Harry won't go! Aaah! I'm sorry!!



There is some talk of ordering all families out of the Fort; also, of taking down all the steps leading into the ditch, ~~and~~ all the buildings therein, which would be of itself an order to leave for all families.

Mr. Smith is going out any time in a short time, then there will be nobody left but the Chaplain. I don't know where he can go if he were obliged to leave. These Engineer officers take great pains to fit themselves up in the most comfortable style, but they don't consult the comfort of others very much.

It is rather dull here now, - these officers being in the city all day - Capt. Palmer & Stacey & Harrison. As I see more of them than the other officers I feel their absence more. I hope they will get thro' their work in a day or two.

I find it no use for me to try to write this morning. So I shall you my dear one, this excuse of a letter. I may write again before Sunday, if anything

turns up, or if I should very much like writing.

Love & remembrance for Sella, Frank & Robt. Remembrance to all the friends. Good bye.

Thine

L. V. R.